AUGURY OF GOOD SEASON IN THE LAURENTIAN HILLS.

Tiree at a Time the Record of Some Fishers, and They Find It Well to Use Only One Fly at a Time-Artificially Stocked Lakes Make the Best Showing.

LACHINE, Canada, May 14.—The speckled trout are already taking the fly in the numerous lakes to the north, among the aurentian hills. Owing to the speed with which the weather changed from winter's cold to summer's heat some of the smaller moths and gnats have developed already. These are the specimens which have either wintered as caterpillars in the ground and sheltered places, else in the intermediate cocoon stage h hollow trees and logs. They are the

will appear later on. The artificial flies known as the black dose, the cowdung, the brown hackle, the nun, and the Montreal, all tied to small hooks, are the favorites just at present. The caretaker of a choice little carefully fished lake back of St. Jerome, sent in a few days ago as handsome a lot of fish, from a pound to two pounds apiece, as is not often seen, addressed to the secretary of the club, a busy city man. There was no message with the parcel, but the three beauties on top of the box were still fast to a cast of flies. Two had bolted the hooks well down toward the gullets; the other was securely fastened through the roof

It was slightly more than the sportsman could stand, and so he carelessly remarked to his matter-of-fact partner in the after-

"I don't believe I'm very well. Something has got on my nerves, and I rather think it will be better for me to lay off tomorrow, if you don't mind."

He spent that night at his shack by the lake, and whipped the water next day, In his eagerness he was in the boat soon after daybreak, and had his exercise for his pains. Trout seldom take flies at this season until about 9 o'clock, when the

day warms up. At last a good sized chub jumped for his dropper, seized and dived with it. The ouitouche would not come again to the surface until it was forcibly reeled to the side of the boat. Then the fisherman was surprised and delighted to find that a couple of fine trout had fastened hemselves to the other flies while they

ere submerged. He netted all three.
Taking the hint, after this, he allowed his cast to sink well below the surface and had good sport for three or four hours. Only the largest fish appeared to be striking, which made the sport the more in-

He had a leason, though, before he had caught very meny, which was a rebuke to haste and greediness. He was rowing along gently and trailing his line with a east of four files behind the boat. A large frout, bigger than any he had seen taken out of the lake, jumped up to his leading by and give him some minutes of anxious

He was getting the better of the monster and had him well in hand, the rod bent to its greatest tension, when with a bound two other good sized fish seized the spare two other good sized fish seized the spare flies. There was but a momentary struggle before the tip of the rod cracked and broke and the next instant the vigorous trio had snapped the line where it joined the leader and escaped the fisherman. After that he used only one fly and caught fifty pounds of fish, one of them, apparently the equal of the lost one, weighing just ave and a half pounds.

It is only in well stocked waters, where the fish are large, that the flies are taken.

It is only in well stocked waters, where the fish are large, that the flies are taken. Running streams are still muddy and the trout in them are feeding down near the bettem. There is a tiny minnow, a trivial inch-long affair of inflated silk, which is a useful addition to the east just now.

The trout may not be taken upon it, but those lines using it, in conjunction with files will be found to get the most fish.

files, will be found to get the most fish.

A ministure spoon bait of the lightest construction, used as a dropper is a good thing to use also, as it keeps the cast under water, and also a tracts the attention of the trout by its gitter.

For some reason or other the artificially stocked lakes are giving the heat early

stocked lakes are giving the best early ashing. Possibly the fact that the young ry are usually imported from the South, where the seasons are earlier, may have something to do with it. Or generations of fish trained to respond to the fly fisher's art may have transmitted a tendency toward surface feeding to their transplanted

toward surface feeding to their transplanted property.

Within the last seven years vast numbers of baby trout have been planted in private lakes. In some instances the result has been curious. There is a once well known pond in this province where a peculiar variety of fish often alluded to in sporting papers as "sea trout," abounded. They were large, fat, very handsome, and used to bite or rise freely.

A couple of needy politicians secured the fishing right, and by their methods soon reduced the number of the trout. Then they purchased fry, of course in the chaptes market and developed a decidedly inited lot of rainbow trout, tuladi, dwarf fontinglis, scaled trout, shad and other fish, so that the original golden flanked rare beauties were completely crowded out, and the fishing for anything but fingerlings ruined.

lings ruined.

There are other lakes also which have been spoiled by the roguery of unsorupulous breeders, having been filled with mixtures of all kinds of coarse fish, instead of the coarse fish instead lous breeders, having been filled with mixtures of all kinds of coarse fish, instead of the trout bargained for. It is not every end who can distinguish between the several kinds of fish in the earliest stages of their existence. But, on the other hand, finny of the smaller lakes in the Province have been greatly benefited by the intelligent restocking done by the wealthy Americans who have acquired them, and which how provide good fly fishing where otherwise the fished out waters would be reckoned among the waste places of the earth.

How easily villainy can militate against such beneficent endeavors has been well exemplified already his season. Two men had been obliged to dispense with the services of the guardian of their lake because of his poaching and general thievishness. One of them ran up to their little lodge last month to see how things were looking after the winter.

Approaching a shelving sandy shore, he was amazed and horrified to find about a dezen healthy looking young pike, some of them twenty inches long, sunning themselves at the extreme edge of the water. Of course, this meant the shattering of their hopes of making a first-rate trout preserve of their hopes of making a first-rate trout preserve

hopes of making a first-rate trout preserve of their place, as well as the destruction of the expensive fry they had been system-atically installing there in the last four

stically installing there in the last four years.

Inquiry developed the news that their discharged servitor had done a good deal of fishing in pike waters in the last winter, and that he had generally taken along tin pails to carry home his spoil. It was not difficult to understand how the fresh water sharks got into the trout lake, though it may be hard to bring the offence home to the real criminal. o the real criminal.

THOUSANDS OF DEAD DEER. Effects of the Severe Winter in Northern

Canada Now Apparent. Quenzo, May 14 .- Thousands and thousands of deer lie dead in the woods of northern Canada as a result of the unusual severity of the past winter. Pitiful stories of the sufferings and destruction of these animals are told by the lumbermen now returning south from their winter opera-tions with the lumber camps.

Northern Ontario seems to have suf-fered more in this respect than Quebec. John Keily, the owner of Keily's Point, near Sturgeon Point, Victoria county, has just returned from the north shore of

Georgian Bay, where he spent the winter bushranging for a Saginaw lumber firm. "I am quite satisfied," he declares, "that I have seen a thousand deer lying dead in the forest up in the French River district this last winter. I have travelled the woods for many years in winter, but I never saw such a depth of soft snow, nor such mor-

such a depth of soft snow, nor such mortality among the deer before.

"In 1861-62 there was, it is true, six feet of snow upon the level, but it was in two or three layers, with heavy crusts between them that would carry the deer. But this year the snow was not only very deep, but light and downy, and the deer could make little or no progress through it, their small pointed feet sinking right through it at every step.

every step.

"Bécause of this condition of things, the deer could only keep to the runways that were regularly beaten down and browse along them. This fodder soon gave out

were regularly beaten down and browse along them. This fodder soon gave out and then the deer starved.

"I came across their dead bodies everywhere. Often they had waded out into the deep snow toward other trees, driven by hunger, and overcome by weakness had sunk down and died in their tracks."

Lumbermen saved many of the starving animals. Hundreds of them were driven by hunger right into the lumber camps, where they were not molested, but were allowed to feed at the haystacks. The horse feed littered along the cadge and draw roads was also of great assistance to the deer.

draw roads was also of great assistance to the deer.

It is now thought that not so many live deer became victims of Canadian wolves this last winter as was at first reported, for the depth and softness of the snow was almost as great a hindrance to the wolves as to the deer. Many of the latter are now so emaciated that they will fall an easy prey to wolves, which kill them rather to drink the blood than to eat the flesh, and thus slaughter many more than they can devour.

ST. LAWRENCE FLY FISHING. Pursuit of the Binck Bass Determined by the Coming of the Shadfly.

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y., May 14.—In the latter part of June, fly fishing on the St. Lawrence River reaches its climax. With this month come myriads of small insects. which dot the water everywhere; and should the wind be in the right direction, they invade the cities in large armies.

The source of this insect, commonly called shadfly, was for a long time unknown. It came and went mysteriously. A single windstorm might bring into the streets of a ci y such numbers of the insec s that it was impossible to discern objes clearly at a short distance; and again, a single rainstorm might swallow them up as quickly and incomprehensibly as they had come.

The credit of the discovery of their origin s due a fisherman, who, while baiting his night line one morning early in spring, noticed that it was completely covered with small egg-shaped bodies. On breaking the thin membrane constituting the shell, he was surprised to find a tiny halfformed fly within. This little egg, formed at the bottom of the river, was the key to the solution of the shadfly's origin.

Fly fishing on the St. Lawrence is determined by the coming of this little insect. If the spring be late, and the water is cold. the egg at the bottom of the river is slower in hatching out its tiny prisoner. If the weather is warm, the flies are hatched out

earlier.

As the half formed insect increases in size, the membrane or shell of the egg likewise becomes enlarged, until finally it becomes lighter than the water. Then the nearly formed insect rises to the surface of the water, where the heat of the sun soon finishes the process, and the young fly takes wing to join its thousands of companions.

ompanions.

With the arrival of the shadfly, fly fishing reaches its climax. The fluttering insect a few inches above the water, or, in a good many cases, on the surface, makes an easy and delicious meal for the tenant of the stream, basking in some small bay or shallow inlet. And the fish are hungry after their winter's fare.

At this stage of the game bass may be

at this stage of the game base may be captured by the greenest amateur, who stands on the shore and fishes with a bamboo pole and a piece of string with a fake fly at its end. Minnows are scarce, and the half starved fish asks no questions and takes no time to inquire whether that red thing rippling the surface of the water is feather or meat. It darts after the lure

is feather or meat. It darts after the lure in hungry pursuit.

A snappy vank of the pole, and the hook is firmly imbedded in the delicate mouth of a fine black bass. Frequently a fish will jump out of the water in its frantic efforts to secure its victim. It even happens that while an angler is playing a bass hooked on the rear fly of his leader, a second bass follows the fly attached a few feet above, and becomes hooked.

When such a thing happens the a gler with a light rod has his work cut out for him. The fish, maddened by the piercing fangs of

a light rod has his work cut out for him. The fish, maddened by the piercing fangs of the hooks, dart in every direction, sawing against each other, and in many cases tear the hooks from their mouths. The safest way of landing the fish is to grasp the line in the hand and pull the fish in without waiting to play them. The sooner the fish are out of the water the better.

The bass is one of the gamest of fish, and the angler requires much skill in handling and securing it. The line must never be allowed to become slack when a fish is once hooked, unless the fish attempts to rise to the surface to jump. If it rises on a taut line it may easily shake the hook from its mouth and vanish; but if the line is slackened just as it attempts to rise to

from its mouth and vanish; but if the line is slackened just as it attempts to rise to the surface, it imagines itself free and darts to the bottom again.

Fine as the sport is there are comparatively few fishermen who resort to this means of taking fish on the St. Lawrence. One fisherman cut of every twenty-five is a wielder of the fly rod; the others obtain their sport from still or bait fishing.

BABY MOOSE LEFT ORPHANED. An Incident in a Wolf Chase, Which Almost Left John Pack a Fine Team.

HULL, Canada, May 14 .- Just as it was becoming dark, a large cow moose frotted into the enclosed, but empty yard, where the cows of John Pack of Cawood township in Pontlac county spend their summer nights. Running close beside their mother were her two calves, probably not more than a fortnight old. Jogging along at an easy gait, some eighty or a hundred yards in the rear, was a big, dirty brown wolf.

just keeping the moose moving briskly, hoping to pick up the little ones as they

grew tired, and fell behind. It chanced that Pack was standing be side a log pile, not thirty feet away, when the moose ran through the gateway. Seeing the wolf coming on, Pack stepped into his path to dispute his progress. Unfortunately, the parent moose failed to understand the man's good intention, and concluding that it meant evil to her, she rose and cleared the six-barred fence, knocking

for the night, where they speedily lay down to rest upon the straw provided for them. The next morning they were induced by assiduous coaxing to take some new milk from the lamb's feeding bottle, and before very long treated their captors with perfect confidence.

They were handsome little creatures, a little less than three feet high, with long thin legs, slender bodies, extraordinarily high withers and alert, rather large, but not ungraceful heads. In color they were unlike the mature animals, being of a rich dark bay, with short black manes already showing above their necks.

Unfortunately the Packs were not sufficiently well skilled in the ways of wild animals to temper their nourishment aright. There have been many to tell them since it became of no service to them to know it that a Jersey cow's milk was far too rich for baby moose whose natural diet was derived from a mother whose only nutriment was tree shoots, leaves and lichens. At any rate, the twin waifs left desolate in the cattle yard only lived about five days in confinement, to the deep regret of the whole neighborhood.

Nothing has been seen of the cow moose in the vicinity, and the farmers, who are all of them hunters, are inclined to believe that when a cunning old wolf gets close upon the trail of a moose there is little chance of the moose escaping his fangs, though the hunt may last a good many days.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE OPEN.

Many Anglers Already on Hand for the

First of the Spring Sport. BANGOR, Me., May 14.-Moosehead Lake s clear of ice, having opened on Monday, May 10, the average date, and the Rangeleys are also open. Mooselucmeguntic leading off on Monday, followed by the others of the chain on Tuesday and Wednesday.

At Moosehead the ice had scarcely begun to break away when scores of fishermen went out to try for the first trout, and there are about two hundred anglers there from all over the Eastern States,

there from all over the Eastern States, eager for the first of the spring sport, although better fishing will be afforded about two or three weeks from now.

Prospects for fishing at Moosehead are of the best, and it is expected that the salmon will be very plentiful, as many of the fry that were put into the lake two years ago are due to rise this spring. Many people who have heretofore gone to the people who have heretofore gone to the coast are to spend the spring and summer around Moosehead, and twenty-two cot-

stages are now in process of erection.

Sea salmon have begun to run up the Penobscot in considerable numbers, and some large and handsome fishes have been brought from the weirs to Bargor this week—weights varying from 18to 24 pounds. Fishing at the Bangor pool, where expert fly casters gather in great numbers, has not been up to the mark so far this spring, owing to the muddy condition of the water, but the fish are there, and the fly casters' that the fish are there, and the fly casters' that the law of t sport is bound to be good in a short time probably about June 1.

probably about June 1.

Rain has been falling almost constantly in Maine this week, and by Sunday every lake, stream and brook will be clear of

GOING HOME FROM THE RACES. The Lively Spectacle New Daily to Be Seen in Upper Seventh Avenue.

Every night now between 5:30 and 6:30 o'clock upper Seventh avenue, above the Park, presents a lively spectacle with the people coming home in all sorts of traps and conveyances, horse-drawn and powerdriven, from the Morris Park races. This broad, straight, level avenue is a great driving thoroughfare always and it takes on added touch of picturesqueness at this

time in the racing season. The homeward bound come rolling down in coaches and runabouts, in landaus and victorias, in trotting wagons and automobiles, and they all come briskly. The autos let out another link on this homestretch and bounce over the crossings as they whire past; the drivers of trotting horses give them their heads; even the staid private coachmen let their horses step out a little more smartly, and the big four-in-hands

come sailing grandly. And for the most part the people are gay and animated, though there is an occasional exception. Here is one man going home alone in a somewhat dingy hack cabriolet with a driver and single horse in keeping, plugging along rather stolidly.

The single passenger in this vehicle is asleep, sitting well forward on the edge of the seat, with the knees of his doubled up long legs well up in the air, while his feet are braced against the dashboard and his head hangs forward. It is hard to tell from his looks whether he is a winner or a loser, but a winner, probably, or he couldn't have chartered a cabriolet in which to ride back to the city. But he's the only man

you see asleep. There is one coach running from the city to the races that changes horses, going and coming, at 124th street, quite in the old-time way, at 12:30 up and 6 o'clock down, and there's always a bunch of people standing watching the change at noon, and a bigger bunch at night. And promptly on the minute the coach comes along, with the minute the coach comes along, with horn a-blowing as it crosses over 125th street, the coachman keeping his horses going briskly, to haul up smartly alongside the four horses held awaiting his coming.

In a moment the horses are changed. All ready? Let 'emgol—and the guard in red steps back from the head of the nigh lead horse, to swing up into his high seat at the rear as the coach sweeps along by, and now the outfit is out in the current again, the gay procession of swiftly moving pleasure vehicles of every sort, homeward bound from the races.

And this is the sort of show to be seen every day now in upper Seventh avenue.

every day now in upper Seventh avenue IT'S HATS OFF AT YALE.

Coats Also Are Out of Order Among the Students at Present. NEW HAVEN, May 14 .- Hatless and coat-

less, the Yale boys have set a new fashion since the warm days of May arrived. Quietly and mysteriously the word has een passed around among the Yale lads that hats, caps and head coverings of all sorts are out of order and any fellow caught donning such is liable to summary punish-The whole party looked travel ment. In fact, it is to become a Yale tra-worn, as though they had run some disdition dating from the spring of 1904 that tance. No doubt the crafty pursuer was after the Easter vacation no hats will be permissible on the Yale campus to undergraduates. Droves of men are to be seen on the main streets of the town after reci tations are over each afternoon, parading in most cases without coats and always

without hats. Recently a party of Yale lads went down to a Yale joint at one of the nearby shore resorts. Of course they were no hats. By a change in the trolley timetable they missed the last car back to town, and as all of them were near the probation line none of them dared remain over night for fear

"LET'S DUST," SAID THE BRIDE,

SHE BEING THE TEXAS LADY POSTMASTER WITH A GUN.

the Sheriff She First Threatened to Shoot and Then Married Didn't Get to Washington-He Writes a Letter Explanation and a Parable.

WASHINGTON, May 14 .- The Hon. William Sanger, Sheriff of Arnim, Tex., who married the lady postmaster of the now famous "hats off or no mail order" and eft for Washington on his honeymoon more than a month ago, has returned to his home in the Lone Star State and intends to stay there, for the present at least, Just why he gave up his expressed intention of paying a visit to Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General Bristow and putting up with him for a week or so he explains in a letter re eived at the Post Office Department the other day. This is what Mr. Sanger has to say about his troubles:

"DEAR FRIEND BRISTOW: I'm sure feeling small and picayunish these days-me being accustomed to keeping my word; but you, being a married man, can understand that it ain't always possible to pick your own trail and romp along frisky and uncaring when there's a woman voked up with you. That's the way it was with

"We left town all right after the boys gave us a send-off, and jogged along gradual and aimless—the same being considered right and proper under the circumstancestill we come to New Orieans. Of course, ain't excusing myself none to speak of, but we sure did like that place, and we fooled around there till one day Mrs. Sanger-the same which is the lady postmaster er—the same which is the lady postmaster—says to me, right serious and concerned:
'Bill, let's dust. You ain't no giddy millionaire, and if we hit the trail much longer in the direction we been going, when it comes time to turn around we'll sure have to jog home in short hikes and camp frequent, so as to ease our feet.' "And when I took stock I sure did feel little and onery—me realizing the truth

of her remarks.

"We sure had our troubles after we got back home. When we set out from New Orleans for our shack we agreed not to let on about not getting up to see you, pre-vious to going me having been some free and open in my conversation about what we was intending to do—and we was lying real ornamental and coming along fine when one day the Mayor—which ain't been none too friendly since I took up with the lady

too friendly since I took up with the lady postmaster—says to me:

"'Bill, was the President good to you?'

"Good to me?' I says, plumb disgusted. 'Don't you suppose the President has got to an onery cowpuncher and greaser-chaser like me? You get that loco weed out of your system and don't ask such fool questions.'

"The Mayor he looked at mesharp and he "The Mayor he looked at me sharp and he says, quiet and calm, like he does when he thinks he ain t feeling that way:

"'Course you saw the President, Bill.
You wouldn't go to Washington without seeing him."

seeing him."

"'Oh,' I says, lying some plentiful and ornate, 'I went up to see him, but he was mighty busy and I got tired of waiting."

"Then the Mayor he jumps up and howls gleeful and ribald, and the rest of the boys of the boys."

hey follow suit.
"'Bill,' says the Mayor, hopping round some undignified, 'you're a good liar, but you ain't good enough to rope this bunch of longhorns. You ain't been to Washington

at all.'

"Well, I saw it wasn't no use to stretch
my tongue superfluous and unnecessary
and I grinned sheepish and gives in. And
then I says to the Mayor:

"Yust tell me how you know.'

"Well, after the boys had resumed their
guns, and Sam—which is the barkeep—had
dusted the plaster off the counter and set
out the drinks, the same being on me, the
Mayor he chuckled some more and he says:

"Bill, you're plumbignorant and you need "'Bill, you're plumb ignorant and you need a guardian. Why don't you read the papers some? I suspicioned when you says you hadn't seen the President that you were sure lying hard and desperate about this Washington trip, and I was plumb convinced when you said that about waiting vinced when you said that about waiting at the White House. There ain't no cowpuncher or similiar specimen that ever went to Washington what had to wait more than five minutes before the President sashayed out and went for him, and usual they sleep at the White House and take their meals with the family. If you and your lady had showed up in them parts you sure would have been treated that way.

way. "What does he do it for?' I asks. plumb unbelieving and mystified. 'He sure ain't got no call up there for friends what can handle their armament speedy and ac-

Well, says the Mayor, sort of stumped which was told by the critical way he tasted his liquor—he not being particular in his brand—'I ain't worked that out yet. You and me sure ain't ornamental to society, and we ain't up on politics, and so I ain't fixed and certain in my mind about his

reasons.'
"I sort of thought maybe the Mayor might be lying—he being right noted for the frills he can put on a straight story; but a lunger named Norton—which is here for his health told me the same thing.
"That's what makes this man Roosevelt

so popular in a community like this, he says. I didn't say nothing, and in a minute he says, sort of arguing: 'That's what makes him so strong in this town and other

places like it."

"I heard you, son,' I says to him, 'and I was just reminded of poor old Coffin Charlie, the best undertaker you ever saw. This town had a boom once, account of the gold in the vicinity—of which it hain't none—and Charlie was the undertaker in

we being the only one in these parts that had a real sure enough undertaker who knew his business and we was all mighty nice to him. Some of the boys was so tickled with the style he done things in that

nice to him. Some of the boys was so tickled with the style he done things in that they was real active and friendly drumming up trade and seeing that Charlie didn't stop no lead on his own account.

"And we was real respectful to him, account of his calling, and everybody turned out with him every time there was a funeral, even when he planted Old Mexico, who got his branding irons mixed and went out sudden without any mourners what declared themselves. But Charlie didn't appear to appreciate it none to speak of, an' finally he got so he did all his planting of an afternoon so he could have the morning for his bronco busting aspirations—and be sure wasn't no adept.

"'After a while the boys got to treating him casual and friendly and just like one of themselves, till one night he didn't get to the foor quick enough while Kid Peters and Old Man Handy—him that used to deal in Sam's

Handy—him that used to deal in Sam's place—were having a little argument, and he stopped three loads from the Kid's forty-

four.

"We give him a fine funeral, but we was all agreed that it was Charlie's own fault—being as it was plain to see that if he'd stuck to his undertaking and hadn't mixed aroun' so promise'o as he'd been alive right now.

"It's sure sensible and cautious, down this way, to stick to your own line of business and let your friends know what it is.'

"And this lunger Norton he agreed there was some sense in what I said.

"And this lunger Norton he agreed there was some sense in what I said.

"Well, pardner, I've been sure garrulous and talkative, but I'm going to quit right now and take something for this here cramp in my hand, which I'm right confident can be treated internally.

"My lady—meaning Mrs. Sanger—says things are all right in the post office and that she aint got no kick coming. I hang around there considerable these days when everything is peaceful and quiet and the greasers ain't plentiful, and I've been noticing that everybody is sure polite and gentle when they're in the post office.

"A woman which is determined and can handle her armament some casual and filppant—the same being traits belonging to Mrs. Sanger—can do a whole heap to elevate the manners of a town. I'm hoping to see you soon. Regards. So long."

INFORMATION

NEW YORK. Catakill Mountains. ______

SUMMER RESORTS. **ENFORMATION**

> NEW YORK. Catakill Mountains

THE STATISTICAL RECORDS ARE THE BEST EVIDENCE OF THE POPULARITY OF THE

Catskill Mountains



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